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Hush



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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Even with green blood pouring from her neck and stomach, the girl managed to cough gently and smile. In the background, another set of fireworks made their round in the sky.

"Hey," she asked in a dying whisper. "Can you keep a secret?"

Chapter 2 by Phantim



"Shh! Hush now. You don't need to talk. Save your energy Clarie!" I said.

"I'll tell you- tell you anyway."

"No, please d-"

"This is all my fault."

I looked down at the small girl in my arms. The innocent look on her childlike face made it hard to believe. How could she have caused all this? At first I assumed it was just guilt, or that she was talking about how she had gotten hurt like this. But the more I thought about this little

girl, the more I realized that she was innocent.

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

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But I should start from the beginning...

It all started in the coldest winter I've got a memory of. I was drinking coffee from my favourite coffee shop while looking the people passing by, like I always did. I thought that everyone looked happy, and that made me sick. I hated them.

I knew that it was probably jealousy but still I couldn't help it.

I must have been absorbed in my thoughts because I didn't notice that a girl entered the coffee shop. A girl really loud and carefree girl. A girl that would change my life forever.

As soon as she saw me, she came and sat at my table.

"You certainly look sad. Why don't you smile?"

That was the first time I met her. That was the beginning of it all.

Chapter 4 by TeTe



Without stopping to think why she was talking to me and sitting at my table I answered.

"Give me a reason to!"

"Is that a challenge?"

She answered giggling, and that was when I stopped to look at her. She looked to be no older than 16, with these big bright green eyes and green long hair. She was dressed up like a doll and her voice was as sweet as her smile. Just by looking at her made me want to smile. I could feel a presence emanating from her like a beam of sunlight through the clouds. I could feel my body relaxing and all those hateful thoughts flowing away.

"Who are you anyways?"

I said in an angry tone, even though it was getting harder and harder to be angry around her. I put my mug down and started to get up to leave. She took my hand

"I'm not asking for a date or anything, I just wanted to smile because I wanted to be happy. I'll show you."

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As she did, she reached out her hand and took mine. I was shocked at first but couldn't stop myself from smiling back.

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"Come on slow poke, my grandma runs faster!!"

This strangely beautiful girls pulls me down the block and turns the corner. I'm skeptical, but can't stop my curiosity.

"What's your name? Where are you taking me? Why do you have green hair?"

"One question at a time! Which one is more important right now?"

I thought about it...all of them were important! But at the moment our destination was more important.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Wrong question!"

"You said I could ask any question I thought was important...how can you say my question is wrong?"

"Not the idea of the question, but how you made it is wrong! You should have asked 'where are we going' because I'm not leaving you alone again!"

Alone again? She talked as if she knew me. Somehow the serenity I felt being with her made me think I did know her.

"Okay then...where are we going?"

"I don't know...you tell me!!"

As she said that and giggled I noticed we were walking down an alley that was brighter than the street outside. Before I could ask anything I felt a strong wind and felt as if I was falling while standing still....

Chapter 6: [BIG] [BIG] [BIG] [BIG] [BIG] [BIG]

I wasn't long before we were in a

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Town and not at the

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and there were al

place and she started b

I turned that off and down the road and she stopped and I turned it back on and was a groan at that

She gracefully pulled another circle around me before saying "I'll see you tomorrow!" and cartwheeling off.

"I don't doubt you will!" I called after her, before going inside to bed.

--♣--

I woke up to sounds in the kitchen.

That can't be right. I woke up to clanging in the kitchen.

Still not right. I lived alone at the time, so excuse my confusion.

There she was, the green hair, the air of serenity that made you forget EVERYTHING THAT WAS WRONG WITH THAT PICTURE, until you talked to her again, and noticed it immediately. "Hi! I'm cooking today!" she says nonchalantly, as if it wasn't a crime to be here any of the ways she could be.

"You know that unless I let you in without my memory, it's a crime to be here?"

"Ah rules. Do you really care?"

"Yes I care! How'd you get in? When? Why?"

That falling feeling again. She just smiled back until I swallowed my words. She brought too much happy for me to feel angry at her.

"No, I don't."

"I thought so. Eggs and bacon? Waffles? French toast?"

"Waffles, please. Do you drink coffee?"

"Nope! Never felt the need."

"That makes way too much sense."

And there we were, casually getting around for the day as if we actually lived together.

Then, (thankfully once we were both ready for the day), one of the things came.

For the first time, she frowned. It didn't suit her. She pulled out the speaker we used before (a Bluetooth) and blasted some more house music. My favorite was still *TownHouse*. It withered away.

"The one thing I've brought myself to hate. Come on, let's have some more fun around town."

"So you're just going to gloss over what that was?"

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